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Judge

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BAD CASE OF BASEBALL-FAN-ITIS!

Judge

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PEN-POINTS.

THE REAL reason why "there are no birds in last year's nest" is because they are found on this year's hats. Even a bird cannot be in two places at once.

. . .

Why should there not be an "unwritten law" for the judge as well as for the jury?

. . .

The old saying, "birds of a feather flock together," is certainly true in the case of the Wright brothers, who also "fly together."

. . .

JUDGE finds in the *Western Christian Advocate* the following item under the head "Editorial Notes":

"*An automobile is a vain thing for safety.*"

It may be future revisions of the Old Book will need this version of the familiar saying from the Psalms.

. . .

Ruth Bryan Leavitt, daughter of William Jennings Bryan of Widow Bennett fame, is said to be planning a great convention of the Jane Jefferson Clubs of Colorado. These clubs are composed of women Democrats, organized to spread Democratic principles. Doubtless she will profit by the mistakes made by her father with his Thomas Jefferson clubs.

. . .

The attention of JUDGE has been called to the fact that mirrors could be more profitably employed to signal Venus instead of Mars. A future President—still in short pants—comes forward with the assertion that a good world-wide Fourth of July celebration would probably attract the attention of the inhabitants of Mars. He offers his services free, as master of ceremonies. These two suggestions of mother and son are worthy of thoughtful consideration.

HELP FOR THE POET LAUREATE OF TURKEY.

THE poet laureate of Turkey is having difficulty, JUDGE understands, in writing his pæan of joy over the new Sultan. Just to help him out, JUDGE would suggest the couplet:

Hail, Mehmed Great, Magnificus—
He is the Boss, the Bos-phor-us!

With a start like that, the average American poet could run on for a mile without a break.

THE POLITICAL CARRIE NATION.

THE CAUSES OF TRUANCY.

THE ONLY objection to the appointment of a committee to investigate the truancy question is that its conclusions in May or June would not be the same as those in October and November. The boy who disappears from school in springtime is after fish and "The Old Swimmin' Hole," so beautifully embalmed in imperishable verse by our poets. Any investigator who is worth his salt can discover this by waiting until Master Truant has retired for the night and then investigating his clothing. A certain dampness about the little shirt that lies across the chair at the foot of the bed will suggest even to a mind utterly devoid of imagination that it has been used for a towel, from which certain deductions can unerringly be made. And then an examination of the contents of the trousers pockets will disclose yard upon yard of water-soaked twine, a half-dozen barbed hooks, with here and there a fat angle-worm or two, which Sherlock Holmes would scarcely find puzzling if he were after the conviction of a culprit. But in the autumn the conclusions would be entirely different, for then, clinging to the calves of the offender's stockings, would be found the prickly spills of the chestnut burr, which are never found either upon fish or in the cooling waters of the pond. In other words, while the conclusion that the flounder and the trout and a sudden desire for cooling cleanliness is at the root of the evil in the spring is past all peradventure correct, when the autumn breezes blow it is the lure of the chestnut that takes him from his books. As for the good old summertime, it is notorious that truancy is reduced to a minimum at that season of the year, and for a reason that is obvious.

There is no school in summer!

This, then, brings us to the crux of the whole situation. If truancy is an evil that must be stamped out, the way to do it so completely that it will never again revive is to abolish schools altogether. All of which is respectfully submitted to the board of education.

SOME one has said that the earth is drying up and that in a million years there will not be any more water. This should not be accepted, however, as a valid excuse for a small boy who does not want to take his bath in the morning, unless the parent is prepared to give him an object-lesson, as to the value of cleanliness, with a curry-comb.

ANOTHER picture puzzle contest next week, closes July 1st.

"DIPLOMA."

With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE college year was waning fast,
When over Vassar's campus passed
A maid, who bore with glowing pride
A paper with the word inside,
"Diploma."

Her brow was high, her eyes below
Sparked out the words, "I know, I know!"
And loud she made the welkin ring
With praises of that worldly thing,
"Diploma."

In many homes she saw the glare
Of household duties, filled with care;
Above she saw the flash of fame,
And from her lips escaped the name,
"Diploma."

"Try not the world," the old man said;
"Dark trials will rest upon your head.
How can you hope to win?" he cried.
In forceful tones the maid replied,
"Diploma."

"Ah, stay," the young man cried, "and rest
Your weary head upon my breast!"
"I cannot," was the maid's reply;
"I must ignite the world with my
Diploma."

L'ENVOI.

Now in the twilight children play,
A husband reads—the usual way;
A mother sighs with boundless joy,
And thinks of that discarded toy,
"Diploma."

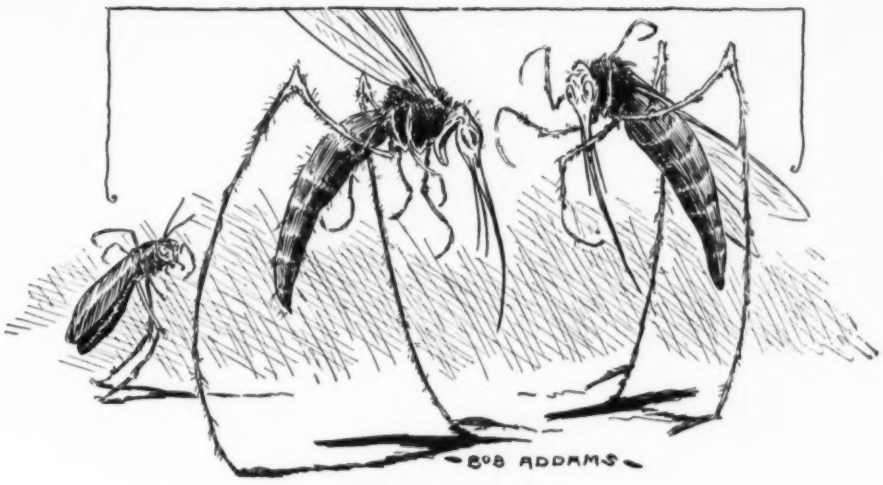
PERRINE LAMBERT.

VALUABLE INFORMATION ABOUT TAXICABS.

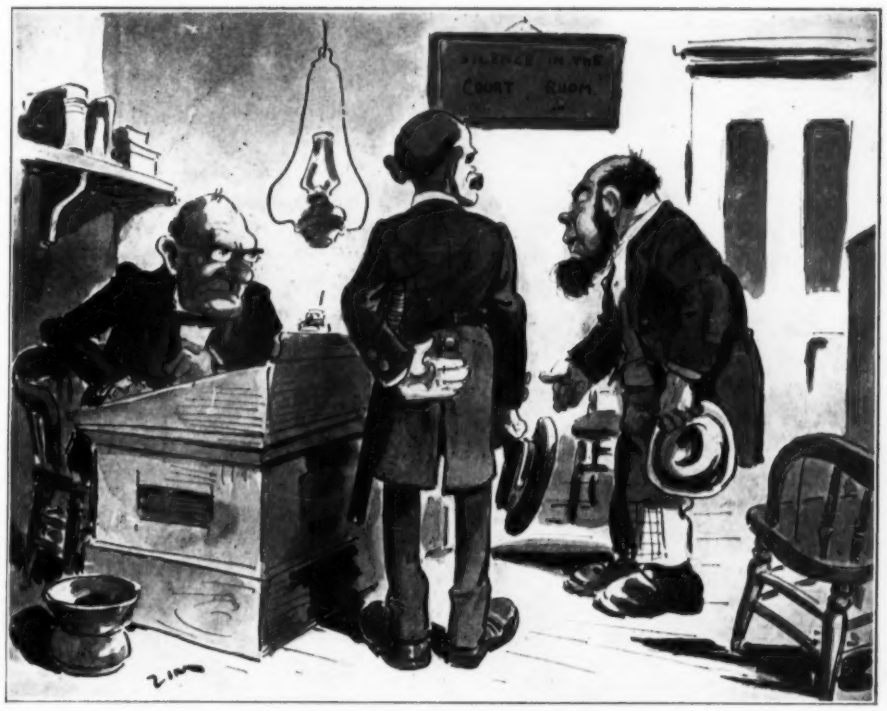
IN REPLY to many correspondents from the West, the South, and New England, it may be said that a taxicab is a lineal descendant of Captain Kidd on its father's side and Jesse James on its mother's. To look at, it is a harmless creature. To read about, it is positively virtuous. But to monkey with, it is the triple concentrated extract of Roosevelt's Ananias Club, fishermen, real-estate agents, mining promoters, and autobiographers. Whether this is because of sheer willfulness or because it was sick with the scarlet fever at the time the rest of the class studied the tables of linear measurement is not clear, but the fact is that a taxicab can get more miles out of three blocks than a landlady can get pieces out of a single pie, and it can ruffle one's temper more effectually than the most dipsomaniacal Jehu that ever cracked a whip or framed an oath.

ELLIS O. JONES.

JUST HATCHED.
He hasn't scratched yet, but will have to now.



HEARD IN JERSEY.
"For heaven's sake, quit laughing for a second!"
"Can't. I bit a chap on his funny-bone—ha, ha, ha!"



NO DIFFERENCE.
Justice—"What is your name, sir?"
Prisoner—"Casey, yer honor."
Justice—"Your *full* name?"
Prisoner—"Just the same, yer honor, full or sober."

SPARKS FROM MARS.

(By Our Own Interstellar Signal System.)

OUR PLANET is still going dry. Talk about prohibition waves!

Grand picnic of the Martian Chautauqua League next week. Red lemonade, red fire, and a red planet.

Let us dig your canals! We have had thousands of years of practical experience. Mars Contracting Company.—Adv.

Some one down on the earth, presumably mischievous boys, have been teasing our leading citizens with sun-mirrors. If it continues, we'll come down there and give somebody a spanking.

We extend an open invitation to all earthlings to pay us a visit at their earliest convenience. Everybody welcome, except Abdul Hamid, Castro, and Carrie Nation.

Venus flirted with us last night.

VICTOR A HERMANN.

UPS AND DOWNS.

SOON commencement days will come,
And the graduates with ease
Will act just like thermometers—
They 'll get there by degrees.

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

ELSIE HAMILTON, IN "MISS INNOCENCE."

To show your looks with better grace,
No make-up can avail,
For with the brightness of your face
You turn the footlights pale!

WHY SO LATE GETTING HOME.

"WILLIE," inquired his mother, "what makes you so late getting home from school lately?"

"It 's all on account of that cross-eyed new teacher. Why, she 's so cross-eyed, that when she says, 'Willie, you stay after school!' every Willie in the class don't dare go home till she has pointed out the one she meant!"

"HOYLE" AT THE SEASHORE.

AS she strolled along the bathing beach
To men she was a joy,
For her short suit was the long suit
Of this pretty maiden coy.

SHE WAS BORN YESTERDAY.

She—"Last night was the first time I ever heard you talk in your sleep, and you kept saying, 'Four kings,' and once in a while, 'Full house.'"

He—"Well, you see I was down to the club last night playing checkers with a crack player and there was a full house watching us."

ADAMLESS EDEN.

Unda Towe—"I see by the weather reports that we are in a region of low pressure."

Dolly Swagger—"I should say we were. I 've been here since the season opened, and I haven't felt any pressure yet."

THOSE INDIAN NAMES.

Madge—"Are there any breakers up at that summer resort in Maine?"

Marjorie—"No, dear; only jaw-breakers."

THE mind cure is all well enough in its way, but the motorist who loses a wheel from his car will find some difficulty in remedying his loss with one of the wheels in his head, provided, of course, he has any.

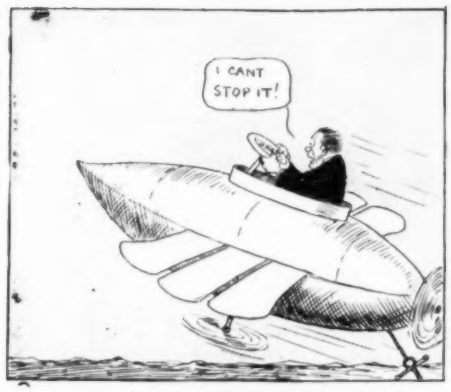
THE BREEZY GIRL.

No "properties" but happiness,
Round every heart she twines;
She takes her "cue" from loveliness,
And love supplies her "lines."

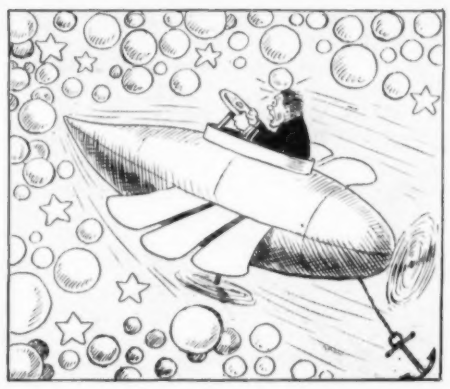
IN THE EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

Editor—"I like the last verse of your poem the best."
Poet—"Ah! And why?"
Editor—"Well, principally because it is the last."

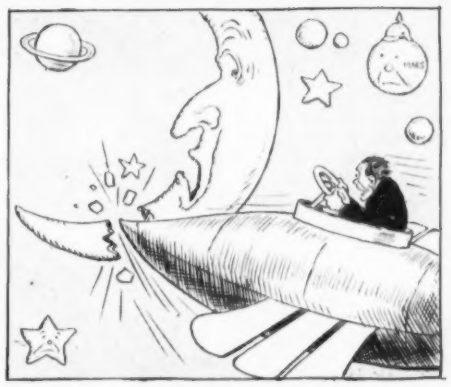
THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB.



1. "You can't tell me nothin' about airships. I wuz in one once that wuz a sockdologer. I lost control of the blame thing and it went a-scootin' straight up inter the broad empyrean! ——

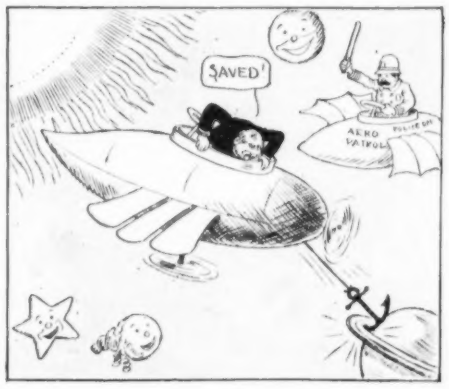


2. —— Fust thing I struck wuz the Milky Way, and scuttle me scuppers! the way I plowed through them little globules wuz somethin' fierce! ——



3. —— Next I bumped inter the moon and chipped off a big corner of it!——

4. —— And then, swash me poop deck, if I didn't go kitin' straight fer the red-hot sun! Nearer and nearer I flew to the fiery furnace, and I sees that I'm cooked fer sure! ——



5. —— But heave me inter the briny, mates, if me trailin' anchor didn't catch inter the rings of Saturn and hold me fast jist in time to save me from bein' scorched to a cinder.——

6. —— And then along comes one of them aero cops and pulls me in fer exceedin' the speed limit and damagin' the celestial scenery!"

BALLAD OF THE BACHELOR'S CHOICE.

Hi, THE girl that I love
Must be mild as a dove,
Her face must be wondrously fair;
And her eyes must be blue,
Of a heavenly hue,
With bits of spun gold in her hair.

Oh, the girl I adore
Must be twenty—no more—
With figure of beauty and grace.
Oh, her skin must be bright,
And her teeth must be white—
The tints of the dawn in her face.

The maid that I cherish,
To love till I perish,
Must love me in sunshine and snow;
Must be laughing and gay,
Let me have my own way,
And know how to cook and to sew.

But the maid that I wed,
After all I have said,
May break my fond dreams quite to smash;
Though I'll feel quite repaid
If I get an old maid
With millions of dollars in cash.

D. C. SHAFER.

HIS WIFE'S TACT.

"I'LL GIVE my wife credit for not causing me to be swamped by big hat bills of hers," declared the husband boastfully, in the presence of his wife's lady guests. "All the hat bills I get are small ones, which, however, come in very, very often, although I haven't observed a new bonnet on her since Easter."

"I'm so glad you're pleased," rejoined his wife, coming unexpectedly into the room. "The fact is, you're still paying for that last Easter bonnet, the bill for which the milliner is sending to you in installments."

SUDDEN RISE IN REAL ESTATE.

HE bought when real estate was low,
Then hoped that it would rise.
A workman dropped some dynamite;
It did—to his surprise.

WOMEN ARE WOMEN, EVEN WHEN CHILDREN.
"It 's bad enough to get a lickin' without havin' your sister tell the whole neighborhood."

THE OTHER LIVES SAVED HIM.
Victim (coming up for the third time)—"Gee! six more of those and I 'd 'a' been a goner."

A ROLLING PIN.

A WONDROUS instrument is this,
To make or mar connubial bliss—
According as it rolls good bread,
Or pounds the top of hubby's head.

MISTAKE IN SICK ROOM.

Mrs. Jones—"I hear your husband is suffering from a nervous breakdown. How is he today?"

Mrs. Smith—"Worse. The doctor said we must keep him in an atmosphere of good humor, and we had him almost well, when somebody showed him a Sunday comic supplement."

THE REAL MARATHON RACE.
From January 1st to December 31st.

THE TOUCH TRANSMUTANT.

FAR, FAR from home, two in a car—
A punctured tire—and there you are!
One is a maid, and that doth bar
His use of words that cut and jar.

Fierce thoughts burn like a hidden fire,
But nobly he contains his ire.
For, loosed, 'twould work results most dire;
So, wreathed in smiles, he mends the tire.

Oh, motor maid, so trim and neat!
Thou muffler to remarks unmeet!
Say'st "punctured tires," in tones so sweet,
One deems them good enough to eat!

LOUIS SCHNEIDER.

SOMETHING FROM HIS PEN.

A NEW editor on a country newspaper called on a successful farmer in his vicinity, and assured the latter that the paper would gladly pay for something from his pen. The farmer promised to see what he could do, and the following week an expressman called at the publication office with a young pig, "C.O.D., $10."

WORK FOR WOMEN.

IF THE harem of Abdul Hamid finds itself out of employment because of the misfortunes of its imperial master, the ladies thereof will find plenty to do in this country where, thanks to a sudden famine in domestic servants, most us are doing our own housework.

SPEAKING FROM A FULL MOUTH.
Nurse—"Now, Sammy, you must stop talking and go to sleep."
Sammy—"Well, I just can't help it. My mouth is so full of words."

THE AWAKENING.

1. 'Rastus has an idle dream of fishes in abundance.

2. Now the dream is over, and 'Rastus gazes upon stern reality.

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START THE PARADE, BILL! DON'T

ON'T KEEP THE COUNTRY IN SUSPENSE.

WHERE SOME MATCHES ARE MADE.

A CHURCH SERVICE WITHOUT SINGING.

HOWEVER regrettable it may be, the ordinary church choir is not noted for harmony, except, as may apply to some cases, in their vocal efforts. Generally, too, the much-used French saying, "cherchez la femme," will locate the trouble, or the beginning of it, at least. But then, where does a mixed organization exist in which a woman does not take a sweet delight in setting the broth boiling once in a while, just to see the water bubble? It's a part of her irresistible nature—she just can't help it.

The spinster contralto had made some remarks about the hat of the tenor's wife, and the petty ruction that it started in the choir-world on Monday had not been smoothed over at the close of the week, and Sunday found the choir loft empty. The minister was obviously displeased, but without comment he arose and announced the opening hymn, which he at once began reading, commencing "I love to steal a while away," selected possibly with some application to the absent choir.

Lacking the trained voices to lead the singing, one of the worthy deacons volunteered to throw himself into the breach, and he proceeded to lead. He struck the tune at such an angle that it was evident he intended to hit only the high places, and when he had got so far as "I love to *steal*"— he broke down. He pitched it a second time and again broke down at *steal*, because he was away too low. Nothing daunted, however, he started in again and sang "I love to steal"— and again he went down as before.

The audience became so amused at this point that suppressed giggles threatened to break up the session, so the minister arose and, with grave and solemn dignity, said,

"It is greatly to be regretted. I will proceed at once to the sermon."

R. M. WINANS.

HIS GREATEST DELIGHT
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

is a cleansing, refreshing shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap. The beneficial effects are immediate; dandruff is removed; a healthy growth of hair is stimulated, and thus premature baldness is prevented.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP
PURE AS THE PINES

EXPERT IN GEOGRAPHY.

Secretary of State Knox, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has found a colored messenger in his office who knows something of geography.

Alongside of the secretary's desk is a great globe, standing almost six feet high. The other day Mr. Knox consulted it to see if it were really true that the sun never sets on our dominions nowadays, or to learn something else of equal importance. The Pennsylvania statesman is the pink of neatness, and was somewhat irritated to find that the big revolving ball had soiled his coat-sleeve.

"William," he said sharply to the messenger, and laying his finger on the globe, "there is dust there a foot thick."

"It's thicker'n dat, Mr. Secretary," replied the negro with that familiarity that comes of mingling with greatness.

"What do you mean?" demanded the premier.

"Why, youse got yuh fingah on de Desert of Sahara."

Mr. Knox did badly at trying to suppress a smile.

"You'll find some on the Atlantic Ocean, too," he remarked as he turned to his desk.

OVER THE FENCE

NEIGHBOR SAYS SOMETHING.

The front-yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street or for friendly gossip with next-door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk, but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Tex., got some mighty good advice this way once. He says,

"Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease, and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back, and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk.

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison, and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away, but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum.

"My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postum.

"My bowels became regular and in two weeks all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly.

"My son who was troubled with indigestion thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again.

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee, and all keep well." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BARABRISM VS. BARBERISM.

In far-off days of our ancestors
Barbarism ruled mankind,
And as the race progressed it left its
Footprints on the human mind.

But in these times of many marvels,
When thought dominates the race,
Still barberism cuts its figure
On the tender human face.

I. PROBSTEIN.

She—"Does the course of their love run smooth?"

He—"Oh, yes; there are banks on both sides."—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

Wherever you see this sign, it stands for civilization. It is the sign of one of the most powerful influences for broadening human intelligence.

The universal service of the Bell companies has provided it—has spread an even, highly developed civilization through the land. It has carried the newest impulses of development from town to town and from community to community.

Bell telephone service has brought the entire country up to the same instant of progress.

It has unified the Nation.

As soon as a new town springs up in the woods, on the plains, at the cross-roads, or walled in by mountains, the signpost of civilization is erected—the sign of the Bell. Telephone service puts the people of that town into communication with one another and with the outside world.

It puts the town on the map.

You can see this march of progress right in your own neighborhood. Every little while some neighbor has a Bell telephone put in. If you have one, every new subscriber enlarges the scope of your personal contact. If you have not, every new telephone makes you the more isolated—the more cut off from the activities about you.

Just as individuals in your locality use the telephone for mutual convenience, so towns and cities in *different* localities are served and advanced by the long distance telephone.

Each contributes to, and benefits by, the broad universal service of the Bell.

The busy man who wants to accomplish more than he is now doing can well afford to make use of the Bell Long Distance service. It is the most efficient office assistant imaginable. Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance station.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

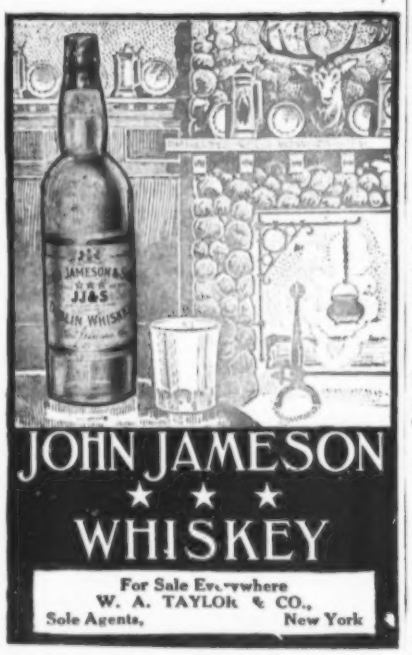
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Ashley—"Do you have much variety in your boarding-house?"
Seymour—"Well, we have three different names for the meals."—*Exchange.*

REVENGE IS SWEET.

Vegetarian—"If I get out of this I 'll eat beef the rest of my days."
—*London Punch.*



SHEAR WIT

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

It was the dreamy hour, when the Christmas dinner, having been eaten, was doing its best to digest itself, and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and, if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name them each after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm," said Sophie. "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then, if he doesn't pop, you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

NOT TICKLISH.

Mosie was a typhoid convalescent. He had been in the hospital seven weeks, but in all that time no one had succeeded in winning even the faintest smile from the little fellow. Perhaps the sorrows of Russia were still too vivid a memory.

And then one day the nurse tickled him playfully under the chin. He looked up with a pitiful little smile.

"Oh, so you are ticklish," said the nurse, laughing.

"No, ma'am," he replied, the smile instantly vanishing; "I'm Yiddish."—*Independent.*

EUROPE. Miss Weldon, unlimited experience, chaperons young ladies abroad. Very highest references. Address Sixteen South Brighton Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

A HOUSE THAT MAKES NO MISTAKES.

A New York produce commission house, which prides itself on filling all orders correctly, received a letter from a New Jersey customer recently, saying:

"Gentlemen—This is the first time we ever knew you to make a mistake in our order. You are well aware that we buy the very best country eggs. The last you sent are too poor for our trade. What shall we do with them?"

The fair fame of the house for never making an error seemed to be at stake, but the bright mind of the junior partner found a way out of it. He wrote:

"Gentlemen—We are sorry to hear that our last shipment did not suit you. There was, however, no mistake on our part. We have looked up your original order and find that it reads as follows: 'Rush fifty crates eggs. We want them bad.'"—*Independent.*

IMPROVEMENT AHEAD.

A well-dressed woman, accompanied by a disreputable-looking man, went to a minister to be married. After the opening part of the service had been read, the minister inquired,

"Will you take this man for better or worse"——

"He can't be no worse, sir," interposed the bride-elect quickly; "but I reckon he'll be a heap better before I'm done with him."

And then the wedding proceeded.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

EXPERIENCED.

She—"Ice is expensive."

He—"I know it. I was once engaged to a Boston girl."—*Exchange.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux
—GREEN AND YELLOW—
NECTAR OF THE GODS
QUALITY UNEQUALED
EXCELLENCE UNSURPASSED
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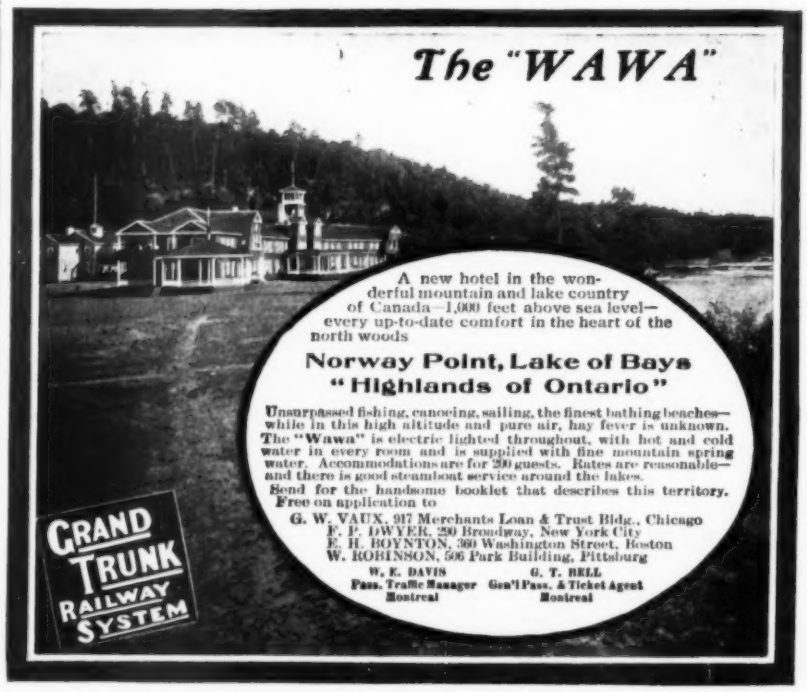
NOT WITHIN HIS JURISDICTION.

A well-known New York judge invited a friend of his, a lawyer from Boston, to go for a short trip on his yacht. A storm came up and the boat began to roll and toss in a manner which the Boston lawyer did not relish.

The judge laid a hand on his friend's shoulder and said, "My dear fellow, is there anything I can do to make you comfortable?"

"Yes," was the grim reply; "overrule this motion."—*Brooklyn Life.*



By James Montgomery Flagg

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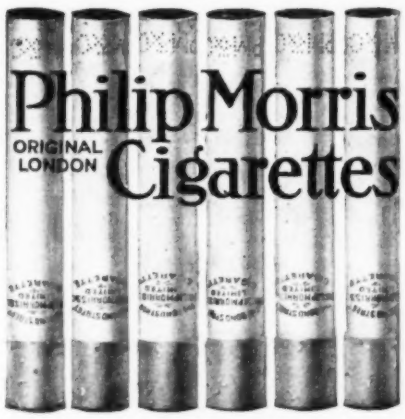

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CAMBRIDGE regular size 25c AMBASSADOR after-dinner size 35c

"The Little Brown Box."

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Education is the art of remembering what the dead Greek said in Athens and forgetting what the live Greek is doing in the shoe-shining emporiums of our large cities, of glorifying the graces of ancient Roman literature and glossing the grease of modern Roman railroad construction crews.

It can tell the exact cause of the Crimean War, but not the cause of the criminal war, much less the remedy. It can tell how to conjugate irregular verbs, but not how to correct conjugal irregularities. It knows the inmost life of the cave-dwellers of prehistoric times, but very little of the life of the cave-dwellers of modern tenements. It knows all about the Gaul that Cæsar described, but pays no attention to the gall manifested by our frenzied financial Cæsars. It knows how much graft there was in building the Appian Way, but not the first thing about the graft in removing the snow from Broadway.

In short, education is so busy with the classics of the dead past that it has no time for the classes of the live present.—*Ellis O. Jones in Life.*

ENCOURAGING.

"Tell me frankly, sir—what do you think of my daughter's voice?"

"Well, madam, I think she may have a brilliant future in water-color painting."—*Paris Figaro.*

IN THE BLACK FOREST.

"That man's passport is all right. Why does the policeman carry him off?"

"Oh, the policeman is afraid to go home through the dark woods alone."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

STORIES "EVERYBODY'S" TELLS.

John L. Sullivan was asked why he had never taken to giving boxing lessons.

"Well, son, I tried it once," replied Mr. Sullivan. "A husky young man took one lesson from me and went home a little the worse for wear. When he came around for his second lesson he said, 'Mr. Sullivan, it was my idea to learn enough about boxing from you to be able to lick a certain young gentleman what I've got it in for. But I've changed my mind,' says he. 'If it's all the same to you, Mr. Sullivan, I'll send this young gentleman down here to take the rest of my lessons for me.'"

For many years Dr. Francis L. Patton, ex-president of Princeton University, wore side whiskers. Whenever he suggested shaving them, there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he came into his wife's dressing room, razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

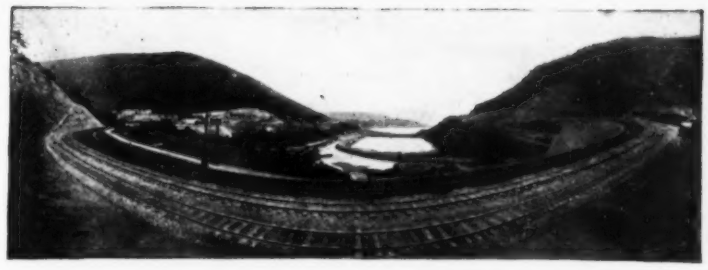
"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."

"It was a long and tedious speech," said Simeon Ford, "but I listened attentively. I like to have people listen to my speeches, you know, and turn about is fair play. Well, I'm glad I did listen, because if I hadn't, I'd have missed one of the best windups I ever heard.

"'And now,' said the speaker, just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, 'as Lady Godiva remarked when she was returning from her ride, "I am drawing near my clothes."'"

"It's a mighty good book," said a publisher, speaking of one of his own publications, to O. Henry. "Have you read it? What do you think of it?"

"There is only one thing to be said in its favor," said O. Henry. "A friend of mine carried it through the Spanish-American War in his breast pocket, and a ball ricochetted against his ribs, but the book saved him. The ball was unable to get beyond the fourth chapter."



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

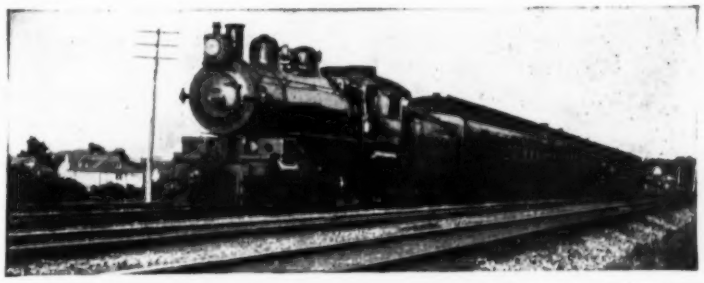
Bulletin.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SPECIAL THE IDEAL IN TRAVEL.

The highest art in transportation is to make the service so perfectly comfortable and convenient that it is just as pleasant to make the trip between New York and Chicago, for instance, as to spend the night in the city. Such service makes business a pleasure, as it no longer robs the business man of the conveniences of his club or of the comforts of his private apartments.

The best exemplification of this high ideal is found in the "Pennsylvania Special," which makes the run between New York and Chicago in eighteen hours. Leaving New York at 3.55 P. M., practically after business hours, it arrives in Chicago at 8.55 the next morning, or before business begins, and leaving Chicago at 2.45 P. M., it arrives in New York at 9.45 the next morning. This means that there is no loss of time. The equipment of the Special—buffet parlor smoking car, drawing-room state-room sleeping cars, dining car and compartment observation car, with bath rooms, barber who presses clothing, copies of the evening and morning papers, magazines, illustrated periodicals, the Bible libraries, electric lights, telephone, and stenographer—means that there is no loss of comfort, convenience, or mental entertainment. An evening on the "Pennsylvania Special" is like an evening in a first-class club or hotel; and there is the added zest of swift, easy motion and constantly changing scene.

The next time you travel between New York and Chicago take the "Pennsylvania Special" and see how closely it measures up to the test of perfect service.



MIGHT HUNT LIONS.

The Kaiser, with $10,000,000 a year, is said to be broke. Nothing doing in the way of four marks twenty pfennige a word?—*Brooklyn Standard-Union.*

A POSER.

Father—"Bobby, whatever you do, begin at the bottom and work up."

Bobby—"But, pop, suppose I was going to dig a well?"—*Circle Magazine.*

Your Vacation Land

A land of rest, recuperation and recreation is reached in a few hours by the Lackawanna Railroad. Whatever sport or pastime you prefer you can find the best place for its enjoyment by sending 10 cents in stamps for the *new 1909* Lackawanna Vacation Book, entitled

"MOUNTAIN AND LAKE RESORTS"

The book contains 110 pages of information and many pictures of places of fascinating beauty. It tells you the best place to go, the best place to stay, the best way to get there, with lists of hotels, boarding houses, rates, railroad fares, etc. Address

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OLD OVERHOLT

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¶ No change in the rich, mellow flavor.

¶ The same good old rye as 99 years ago.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR.

Clearly the editor had been in a bad humor, for in returning the Regular Contributor's last consignment of jokes he had written at the bottom of the courteously worded rejection slip:

"These are older than the English language. They antedate the mother-in-law and summer girl, and with even less excuse for being."

The Regular Contributor wrote in reply:

"Sorry to have afflicted you with such chestnuts, but at least when they got back to me they were roasted chestnuts."—*Exchange.*

Wizard Repeating
LIQUID PISTOL

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 6 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Rubber-covered Holster, 10c. With Pistol, 55c. Money-order or U. S. stamps. No coins. Parker Stearns & Co., 294 Sheffield Ave., Dept. E, B'klyn, N. Y.

Relieves CATARRH of the BLADDER and all Discharges in 24 HOURS

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Beware of counterfeits.
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BOOK for MEN FREE
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Tells how you can restore full **Vigor** and vital **Power** to undeveloped or wasted parts of the body by increasing the blood supply to the parts, without drugs, ointments, belts or other clap-trap. **FREE** for the asking. Address
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Collars and Cuffs
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ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

CAP AND GOWN SMILES

THEIR OCCUPATION.

Stranger (at station)—"What kind of a town is this?"

Native—"A college town."

Stranger—"Um, what do the people who don't attend college do?"

Native—"They do the students."—*Red Hen.*

ENGLISH I.

"To-whit! To who!" the young owl cried,
Till his father spake in gloom.
"How many times must you be told
You ought to say, 'To whom'?"
—*Amherst Four-Leaf Clover.*

"You are very familiar with your subject," remarked the lady-in-waiting, as the king chucked her under the chin.—*Yale Record.*

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion. At Wine Merchants' and Druggists'.

BETTER THAN EVER
HIGH LIFE BEER
MILLER-MILWAUKEE

NOT THE SAME THING.

"Is she making him a good wife?"

"Well, not exactly; but she's making him a good husband."—*Columbia Jester.*

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Of commons, eating some pie.
He had eaten one-third
Of the pie, so I heard,
When he crawled from the corner to die.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

PLENTY OF GOOD COMPANY.

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but it isn't lonesome.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

COLLEGE COLORS

H. Hirschauer

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HER BUOY
15 x 18
In sepia, $1.00 Hand-colored, $1.50

Because of the large demand for the above print in color, we have arranged with one of the best artists to hand-color the same

In Your College Colors

Send in your order, with name of college and colors

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She—"I'd like to marry a sea captain."
He—"And you a widow? You don't want a captain. You want a second mate."

COURAGE BEGETS COURAGE.

Young wife (as a beggar gobbles down one of her biscuits)—"Thank heaven! That fellow makes me believe in myself again!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

IF WOMEN VOTED.

"Do you think we ought to have a bigger army and a larger navy?"

"Oh, yes," replied the beautiful girl. "It would be so nice if all the boys at the dances could appear in uniform, with epaulets and braided collars."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

MONEY IN OATS.

She—"How did he make his money? I always heard he was a wild youth."

He—"Oh, he harvested his wild oats and made a new breakfast food."—*Yale Record.*

SELAH.

The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.—*United Presbyterian.*

HALF DONE.

"Your husband has merely fainted."

"Dear, dear! these men always do things by halves."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 28 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

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Crab Orchard, Ky.
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Kansas City, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Manchester, N. H.
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Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St.
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The Best Bitter Liqueur
Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters
Braces the whole system and banishes the lesser ills. Best of tonics.
Sold Everywhere.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
U. S. Agents, New York.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

An old darky wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister, knowing it was hardly the thing to do and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darky came back.

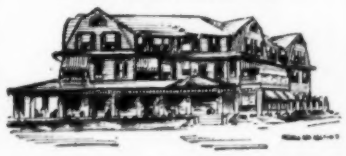
"Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher.

"Well, sah," replied the colored man, "Ah prayed an' prayed, an' de good Lawd he says to me, ''Rastus, Ah wouldn't bodder mah haid about dat no mo'. Ah've been trying to git into dat chu'ch mahself for de las' twenty yeahs and Ah ain't done had no luck.' "—*Christian Register.*

MORE TROUBLE.

She—"How I wish I had been born a man! Women have all the troubles in this world."

Hubby—"I don't agree with you, my dear. They don't have wives!"—*The Independent.*

NOT JUST THE ORDINARY KIND
The Whittier Inn
Sea Gate, New York Harbor
On the Ocean and near the City
Located in a Beautiful Residential Private Park
OPEN ALL THE YEAR

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Near Broadway, New York
THIS well known, absolutely fire-proof hotel, after being entirely renovated, redecorated and fitted up complete with new plumbing, has now reopened.
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With Bath, $2.00 and up
Special rates by the season or year for permanent guests.
A special feature will be the cuisine, both in the dining room and in the new cafe for ladies and gentlemen. A la Carte and Table d'Hote.
Hotel under the management of
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Reflected Humor

THE OLD-FASHIONED BONNET.

How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned bonnet,
The old-fashioned bonnet that Nell used to wear;
Without any plums and red cherries stuck on it—
The bonnet that didn't require phony hair.
The dishpan effect may be stylish and stunning,
The waste-paper basket that's lately come in
May be quite the rage and recherché and cunning,
But give me the hat she tied under her chin.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

MONEY WELL SPENT.

"I suppose to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money?"

"Yes; but she's brought it all back for me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next-door neighbor at half price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

HARRY LAUDER TELLS OF HIS AMERICAN EXPERIENCES.

The voyage across was uneventful, and in some hours less than five days after leaving Liverpool we were in New York harbor. A number of my more enthusiastic admirers in New York had hired a little steamer and had come down the river to salute me. They had rigged up a small gun on their craft, and they fired it every other minute with great gusto, at the same time raising cheer after cheer for myself. I really felt quite important, and waved back my greetings to the occupants of the launch.

On the quay an enormous crowd was assembled. I was hoping that they were waiting for some other person than myself, but, alas, there was no escape for me. Even the customs officials seemed to be literally waiting for me with smiles on their faces as large and "sonsy" as Scotch bannocks. Says one of these officials to me, "You'll have nothing 'special' in your trunks, Harry?"

"No," I replied; "only a sang or twa—ye'll no chairge me for them, will ye?"

"No," said he; "but I expect you'll charge us something for singing them."

I laughingly answered that I would charge as much as I possibly could. Then my little party drove off to the Hotel Astor. Drove, did I say? It was more a crawl than a drive, for a party of Highland pipers led the way, skirlin' as lustily as ever they could. The streets were lined on every hand, and I very nearly caught the cold on my bald spot through having to take off my cap so much.—*Harry Lauder in London Tit-Bits.*

QUITE A SHOCK.

Bridegroom (expectantly)—"Now, my dear father-in-law, I wish to say just a word about my debts"——

Father-in-law (slapping him on the back)—"Did you say debts? Why, my boy, I'll bet my debts exceed yours three to one!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

PREFACE OR APPENDIX.

A prominent insurance man in San Francisco tells the following:

"A man went to sleep in the midst of a curtain lecture. When he woke up in the morning the words were flying as fast as when he went to sleep. 'Say,' he interrupted the harangue to inquire, 'are you talking yet or again?' "—*Circle.*

IN THE ENJOYMENT
of all the season's sports—Bat and Ball, Boat and Oar, Sprinting and Track-racing, The Chase, The Race Course, Riding, Swimming, Bathing,
HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE
contributes Delight, Cheer, Comfort and Strength. The best stimulant for emergencies and the most perfect and purest whiskey for health and recuperation.
Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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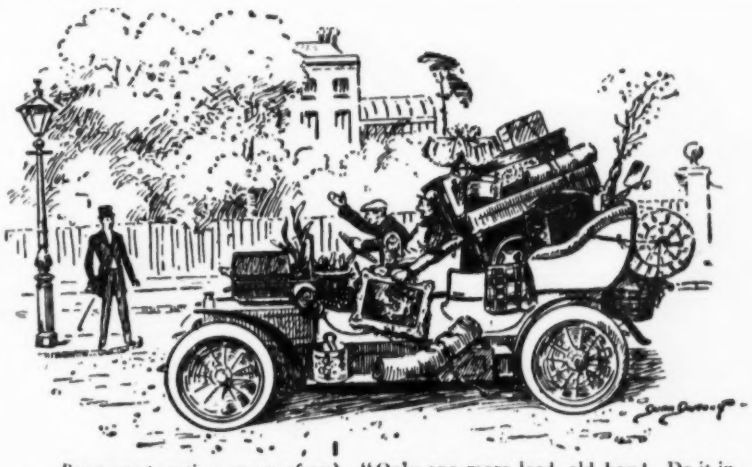

Borrower (meeting owner of car)—"Only one more load, old boy! Do it in six easy—what?" —*London Punch.*

First aid to the host.
Fine at meal time
—all times.
BLATZ
BEER
MILWAUKEE
You can tell a Blatz Bottle a block away!
The one notable achievement in brewing.
The veritable fulfillment of beer character, quality and healthfulness.
Always the same Good Old Blatz.
Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.
Insist on "Blatz."
Correspondence invited direct.
VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Write the Val. Blatz Brewing Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled "A Genial Philosopher."

Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TAFFY 'POSSUMS.

JOHN AND HIS BAND ESCAPE ANEW FROM BEING MADE TO 'POSSUM STEW.

1. John and his band, poor little folk,
Are captured by old Hokey Poke.
They do not like his club and gun,
And think it really far from fun.

2. Old Hokey takes them to his chief
Who 's gotten very sick of beef.
His eyes grow large and glisten, too,
At thought of so much 'possum stew.

3. They stand beside the stewing-pot,
And heap the fire blazing hot—
When suddenly the chief 's quick eye
John's JUDGE, his treasure, doth espy.

4. "Go, bring it me!" he cried to Hokey—
"'Tis JUDGE, and full of fun and jokey."
"By gum!" they cry out merrily,
"No funnier thing can ever be!"

5. They laughed so hard those jokes to read,
Their balance they forgot to heed.
They leaned back further than they oughter,
And tumbled in the steaming water.

6. A splash! a scream of terror raving,
Four coal-black legs in anguish waving!
No more of those two fiends we see—
John and the band run off in glee.

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